

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Continuing
"WIZARD
WIELDERS
OF
WILLOW"

Ron Richards SHOP TALK

HAD a pleasant surprise the other evening.

The phone rang and the commissioner told me Joe was waiting at the front door. I knew when I got downstairs I would see my old friend, Petty Officer Telegraphist Norman Joseph Victor Augustine Lewis, of His Majesty's Submarine "Unruffled," and I was right. Joe had his wife with him, and she insisted that before any drinking was done we had to buy a toy for a niece.

So we set off to Gamages and entertained the shoppers and assistants. Joe thought a visit to the sport department would be a good scheme; when we got there he called an audience and proceeded to explain the rudiments of billiards. But the department manager didn't think Joe's sales talk was helping him sell billiard tables, so we moved on to the toys.

The Petty Officer sat in a baby chair and his wife paraded him around the store; the shoppers thought it was great sport, but once again the man behind the counter thought fit to spoil the fun.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, we bought a Teddy bear, and I had to carry it.

We got to the "Falcon" in Fetter Lane, and Joe was greeted like he was well known around the place. We had a couple of tinctures and got dug in for a wet-up when the Editor and some of the "Good Morning" slaves arrived.

We all told some tales—the best was from the Editor, though Joe's tale of the narrow-minded Commander who was responsible for cost of loving being doubled in Corsica ran a close second. And his comic domestic yarns, though we had heard them numerous times before, went down well. Anyway, they all had a different twist.

And then . . .



Lt.-Cmdr. R. L.
Alexander, D.S.O., R.N.

SO you fancy your luck at darts, Dan Conroy—you think the stokers of your crew are pretty good, eh?

Well, chum, come along to Fleet Street—bring your own darts and supporters, and we will see how good you really are.

Odo Drew, Alfie Wood and Dick Gordon will meet you, and the rest of us will buy and carry the beer.

We have arranged for a picture of your local, by the way, so you should be seeing it soon. Rather sorry I won't be able to get down there myself—that offer of a free pint is certainly inviting. But I suppose it will keep.

Well, Dan, if that's all that's necessary to oblige the stokers of your boat, it's easy. But haven't the other guys got locals, too?

Will you let me know?

A LETTER from P.O. Telegraphist Arthur Webb complains that liaison staffs on Allied submarines do not get "Good Morning" regularly.

Sorry about this, gents, but there is very little we can do about it; we send out every copy of the paper to the Admiralty and they do the distributing.

Anyway, I have mentioned the matter to the liaison officer, who will bear the matter in mind.

I can appreciate your point regarding family stories. What about yours—do we know your home address?

Too bad you are so far from

home, sailor, but still, the war won't last for ever, and the local and the girls on the village green will be just as you left them.

Here's to the big day...

THANKS for your kind regards, A.B. W. Brown—seems some time since I had the pleasure of visiting your stormy boat up north.

The pictures of your brothers that appeared in "Good Morning" are on the way to you. Regarding the price which you mentioned—that's all part of the "Good Morning" service—the pleasure is all ours.

TALKING of photographs—did you get any of those Keyhole Nixon took of the bangle launching last year? I sent a big bundle up to Rev. Bullstroke with a request for him to distribute them. If you didn't get them, I imagine he will still have a few in his cabin.

LOOK, look, you sailors! There's no innuendo here.

Although our Winnie is pointing the well-known finger, her disclaimer is always the same:

"They're not mine they're not yours!"

Well, there being two sub-mariners and twins, we began to wonder what with one thing and the other.

Especially since that small centre bloke with his white Glengarry seems to know all the ways they might be handled by their oppo numbers in those funny flat hats, white shirts without studs and bell-bottoms without support.

What's all this?

So let's introduce us.

Winnie, of "NUMBER TEN" Fetter-lane, London,—legally known as "The Falcon" with her twin grandsons Maybe and Maybenot.

But there is no maybe about this—if you drop in with me to "NUMBER TEN" you are sure of a welcome. And good beer.

Ron Richards

"WIN" OF No. 10



It was, from the early days of the paper, a foremost request on the part of photographer George Greenwood and myself that we should be allowed to take a trip with a submarine one day. But you know the difficulties—or at least the guys who refused our repeated applications do—because we have no specific knowledge of your highly specialised duties, and on account of we would possibly not make the grade, they won't consider the idea any more.

So we have to sit back and read Ministry of Information hand-outs to see what our readers are doing.

We nearly did shove off once, but a Commander S. got the buzz, and we'd had it.

Anyway, we are still hoping.

WAS ENGLAND CAP AT FIFTEEN

A BURLY figure with a thick black beard and an unusual sense of humour, dominated the English cricket scene for many years. Dr. W. G. Grace, of Gloucestershire and England, was a host in himself.

PERSONALITY was stamped upon everything he did at the crease, and if he did not agree with an umpire's decision he was never afraid to tell the unfortunate official!

He was the son of Dr. Henry Mills Grace, "father" of Gloucestershire cricket. So keen was Dr. "H. M." for his sons to become great cricketers that he had the orchard of his large garden torn up and a pitch laid!

Here he taught his lads to handle the bat and the ball, and young W. G. Grace developed so quickly that he was in an All-England Eleven by the time he had reached his fifteenth birthday.

In the course of his career, Grace, known to everyone as "The Old Man," scored 126 centuries in first-class cricket, 13 of them double-centuries. In all he hit 54,896 runs and took 2,876 wickets.

In addition, he had quite a lot of fun and was as tough as any boxer. For instance, he was several times black and blue all over through the ball rising from bad wickets and hitting him; but never did the Doctor quit.

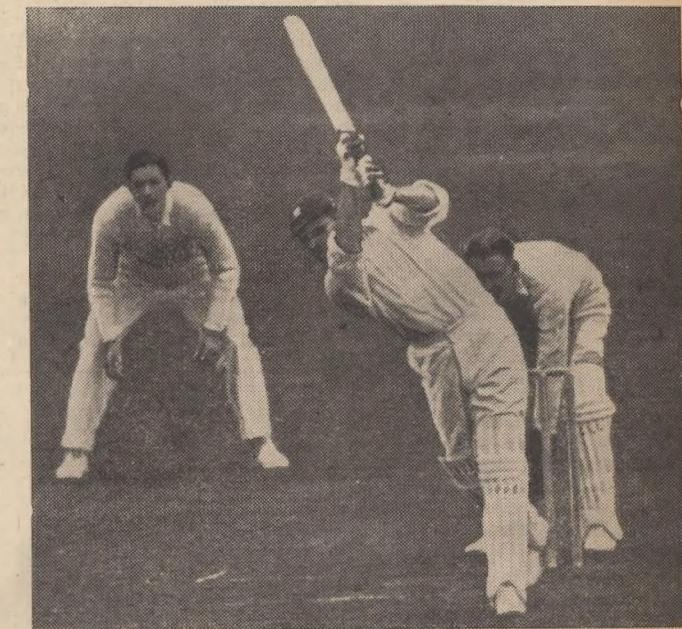
Once, in a Test Match, a fast ball ripped clean through his thick beard for four—byes—but all he did was to stroke it and grin!

ICE CRICKET.

Grace was England's first Test captain at the Oval in 1880, and scored the first Test century within these shores. He would go out in any weather

for a game of cricket, and in 1873 called together several of the country's leading players and invited ideas for playing cricket in the winter months; in those days they did not have the indoor schools, so popular to-day. No one, however had a suggestion to offer.

Soon after the meeting Britain experienced one of its coldest spells for centuries, and lakes, ponds, rivers and streams were frozen over.



Grace saw the lake in Windsor Great Park with ice upon it and got an idea. Why not play cricket on the ice? It would be a novelty!

Quickly Grace got two teams together. The Doctor scored a century, and took five wickets, but the game was marred by what might have been a tragedy. One of the fielders, going after the ball, trod on thin ice and was soaked. A serious illness developed and only smart work by the doctors saved his life.

After that, Grace and his associates decided to reserve cricket for the green fields and warm summer weather!

On another occasion, Grace, who was a keen athlete, took part in a match, and at the same time participated in a hurdling contest. In shorts, and wearing a running vest, he looked very amusing, his black beard dangling in front, but he was a graceful hurdler for such a big man.

While taking part in a match at the Oval he put the other side in to bat when he won the toss, sent a deputy out to field for him, then went

Rushing back to the Oval, he took three wickets to put out the opposing side, then scored a splendid 65 not out before stumps were drawn.

His modern counter-part is another Gloucester player, Walter Hammond. There is nothing in cricket Wally cannot do, yet he is self-taught. The son of a soldier, he played his first cricket in Malta, with stumps chalked on a gun-shed.

Returning to England, he went to school at Cirencester and made such a big impression that his head master recommended him to Gloucestershire County Cricket Club.

BIRTH BAN.

In 1920 he made his first County appearance, but Kent objected to this, pointing out that Hammond had been born at Dover, so Walter had to spend two years in Bristol to qualify for the Gloucestershire Club. During this period he played for Bristol Rovers in League football.

In 1923, he returned to Gloucester's County side, and scored 110, against Surrey, in his first game.

In later years he always enjoyed playing against the Ovalites; in 1928 he caught ten of their batsmen in the course of one game.

A great change bowler, and one of the world's finest slip-fielders, Hammond has for years been one of the mainstays of the England Test teams.

After he turned amateur, and took over the captaincy of England's Test sides, he further enhanced his reputation. On and off the field he was great in the truest sense of the word; his play is "natural."

Tom Goddard, the Gloucestershire spin bowler, who was in the England side just prior to the war, can justly say that good and bad luck have gone his way.

When he joined Gloucester, Goddard was a fast bowler, full of great possibilities, but in six years with the club he rarely got a chance. Eventually he tired of this inactivity, and secured a coaching job at Lords.

During his coaching job he developed from a fast bowler into a "spinner," and one afternoon B. H. Lyon, Gloucester's captain, strolling into "Headquarters," noticed Tom in the nets.

It did not take Mr. Lyon, a great judge of a cricketer, to see that Goddard was the very man he needed in the Gloucester side, so he advised the club to recall him. They did, and within a very short time he was in the England class.

Round the Home Town

GEE UP.

SILVER medals—the highest award of the R.S.P.C.A.—have been awarded to Mr. John Lander, of 11 Rosevean Road, Penzance, and Mr. Melville Tremain, of Wendron, for the rescue of a horse from a 65ft. mine working. They stood in icy water for over an hour, and the whole rescue took nine hours.

The Association say that the feat is unique in England.

EXTRA SPECIALS.

OLD-TIMERS in Wales are doing a fine war job. Take this squad of special constables in Cardiff, who are to receive special letters of appreciation from the city. Youngest is 52-year-old W. E. Gough, a cripple, who has performed 333 hours' duty, Constable A. E. Flacke, aged 63, 576 hours' duty, A. E. Jones, 66, with 505 hours, and been on every air raid alert, Constable T. Knight, 64, with 311 hours, Constable A. C. Curtis, 67, with 366 hours, Constable J. Dore, 66, has 455 hours' credit, and P.C. W. C. Crafter, 65, has done 429 hours.

Tough old boys. Like many other Welshmen. For example, Harry Jenkins, who lies buried in Bolton-in-Swaledale, Yorks. He is said to have lived to 156, and it is recorded that on his 100th birthday he swam across a river!

BECAUSE a Plymouth girl "ran out" on an American soldier, the local auction for the Merchant Navy benefited to the tune of £4.

This was raised by a 1lb. box of mixed chocolates which the American sent to the organisers of the auction—with the following note:

"This box of chocolates was originally intended for the nicest girl in Plymouth."

"One evening after a movie she deliberately ran off while I waited for her in the theatre lobby."

"That was strange, for I had been a perfect gentleman. But, what is stranger yet, I still think her the nicest girl in Plymouth."

The letter was signed "Yank." We wonder whether the girl will be sorry when she knows!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"I WANT TO GO HOME"

TWO days brought us to San Pedro, and two days more, to our no small joy, gave us our last view of that place, which was universally called the hell of California, and seemed designed in every way for the wear and tear of sailors.

Not even the last view could bring out one feeling of regret.

Having kept close in-shore for the land breeze, we passed the Mission of San Juan Capistrano the same night, and saw distinctly by the bright moonlight the hill which I had gone down by a pair of halyards in search of a few paltry hides.

And so on the next morning we were under the high point of San Domingo. The flood-tide took us swiftly in, and we came to opposite our hide-house, and prepared to get everything in trim for a long stay.

This was our last port. Here we were to discharge everything from the ship, clean her out, smoke her, take in our hides, wood, water, etc., and set sail for Boston.

Six weeks or two months of the hardest work we had yet seen was before us, and then—"Good-bye to California!"

THE sailors' songs for capstans and falls are of a peculiar kind, having a chorus at the end of each line.

The burden is usually sung by one alone, and at the chorus all hands join in—and the louder the noise the better. With us the chorus seemed almost to raise the decks of the ship, and might be heard at a great distance ashore.

A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier. They can't pull in time or pull with a will without it. Many a time, when a thing goes heavy, with one fellow yo-ho-ing, a lively song, like "Heave, to the girls!" "Nancy, oh," "Jack Grosstree," etc., put life and strength into every arm.

We often found a great difference in the effect of the different songs in the driving in the hides. Two, or three songs would be tried, one after the other, with no effect; not an inch could be got upon the tackles—when a new song struck up seemed to hit the humour of the moment, and drove the tackles "two blocks" at once.

"Heave round, hearty!" "Captain gone ashore!" and the like might do for common pulls, but on an emergency, when we wanted a heavy, "raise-the-dead" pull which should start the beams of the ship, there was nothing like "Time for us to go!" "Round

the corner," or "Hurrah! hurrah! my hearty bullies!"

This was the most lively part of our work. A little boating and beach work in the morning;

"Dana, do you want to go home in the ship?"

"Certainly, sir," said I; "I expect to go home in the ship."

"Then," said he, "you must get some one to go in your place on board the Pilgrim."

I was so completely "taken aback" by this sudden intimation, that for a moment I could make no reply.

As soon as I had got my wits about me I put on a bold front, and told him plainly that I had a letter in my chest informing me that he had been written to by the owners in Boston to

never been erased, and said that there was my name—that I belonged to her—that he had an absolute discretionary power.

In short, I must be on board the Pilgrim by the next morning with my chest and hammock, or have some one ready to go in my place, and that he would not hear another word from me.

But it would have all availed me nothing, had I been "some poor body" before this absolute domineering tribunal. They knew that I had friends and interest enough at home to make them suffer for any injustice they might do me.

It was probably this that turned the matter; for the captain changed his tone entirely, and asked me if in case any one went in my place I would give him the same sum that S— gave Harris to exchange with him.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 10 Parts.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|----|---|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | | | | | 12 | | | | | |
| 13 | | 14 | | 15 | | | | 16 | | |
| 17 | | 18 | | 19 | | | 20 | | | |
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| 25 | 26 | | | | 27 | | 28 | | | |
| 29 | | | 30 | 31 | 32 | | | | | |
| 33 | | 34 | | | 35 | | 36 | | | |
| 37 | 38 | | | 39 | 40 | | | | | |
| | 41 | | | | | | | | | |

CLUES DOWN.

1 Badger. 12 Stair front. 13 Dealing with. 4 Climber, 5 Variance. 6 Veer. 7 Hostel. 8 From. 9 Silk fabric. 10 With constancy. 15 Emerging stratum. 18 Rubbed. 20 Kind of acid. 22 Baked dish. 23 Vigour. 26 Tree. 28 Fuel. 30 Unfailing. 31 Insect. 34 Place. 35 Lengthen. 38 Printer's copy. 40 At home.

11 Wrinkled.
12 Not suitable.
13 For.
14 Dach.
16 Compass point.
17 Novel.
19 Luminary.
20 Woman's wrap.
21 Stumble.
23 Body of water.
24 Ewer.
25 Mirth.
27 Size of type.
29 Disencumber.
30 Female animal.
32 Salad plant.
33 Time of day.
34 Chrysanthemum.
36 Close to.
37 Objection.
39 Expertness.
41 Slope more.

CLARETT PERT
OOZE OLIVER
STUCCO GAVIN
TROLLS DEN
SIEVE ALERT
M EAGLE'S
SMART VOWEL
HER SCENA II
ERIC ARIGHT
ASSAULT NEAR
FEET FLEDGE



A cormorant fisherman in Wunu Anhwei Province, China, prepares for a day's fishing. The birds are trained always to return to the owner with their catch. They are prevented from swallowing the fish by a metal collar fastened round their necks. The bird is occasionally given a small fish by its owner as a reward for its work.

we were generally beaten out, and glad to have a full night's rest, a wash and shift of clothes, and a quiet Sunday.

During all this time we lived upon almost nothing but fresh beef: fried beefsteaks three times a day—morning, noon, and night.

At morning and night we had a quart of tea to each man; and an allowance of about a pound of hard bread a day; but our chief article of food was the beef.

Whatever theories may be started by sedentary men, certainly no men could have gone through more hard work and exposure for sixteen months in more perfect health, and without ails and failings, than our ship's crew, let them have lived upon Hygeia's own baking and dressing.

Our cargo was now nearly all taken in; and my old friend, the Pilgrim, who was in port with us, having completed her discharge, unmoored, to set sail the next morning on another long trip to windward.

I was just thinking of her hard lot, and congratulating myself upon my escape from her, when I received a summons into the cabin.

I went aft, and there found round the cabin table my own captain, Captain Faucon, of the Pilgrim, and Mr. R——, the agent. Captain T—— turned to me, and asked abruptly—

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

Part 18

"Dana, do you want to go home in the ship?"

"Certainly, sir," said I; "I expect to go home in the ship."

"Then," said he, "you must get some one to go in your place on board the Pilgrim."

I was so completely "taken aback" by this sudden intimation, that for a moment I could make no reply.

The work was as hard as it could well be. There was not a moment's cessation from Monday morning till Saturday night, when

never been erased, and said that there was my name—that I belonged to her—that he had an absolute discretionary power.

In short, I must be on board the Pilgrim by the next morning with my chest and hammock, or have some one ready to go in my place, and that he would not hear another word from me.

But it would have all availed me nothing, had I been "some poor body" before this absolute domineering tribunal. They knew that I had friends and interest enough at home to make them suffer for any injustice they might do me.

It was probably this that turned the matter; for the captain changed his tone entirely, and asked me if in case any one went in my place I would give him the same sum that S— gave Harris to exchange with him.

know the owners; and taken Ben because he is poor, and has got nobody to say a word for him!"

I knew that this was too true to be answered; but I excused myself from any blame, and told them that I had a right to go home at all events.

But far stronger than any feeling for myself was the pity I felt for the poor lad. He had depended upon going home in the ship, and from Boston was going immediately to Liverpool to see his friends.

From this consideration I did my best to get some one to go voluntarily. I offered to give an order upon the owners in Boston for six months' wages, and also all the clothes, books, and other matters which I should not want upon the voyage home.

At length, a harum-scarum lad, who did not care what country or ship he was in if he had clothes enough and money enough, came forward, and offered to go and "sling his hammock in the hooker."

I signed an order for the sum upon the owners in Boston, gave him all the clothes I could spare, and sent him aft to the captain to let him know what had been done. The skipper accepted the exchange.

The captain had told him to get his things ready to go on board the brig the next morning; and that I would give him thirty dollars and a suit of clothes.

The hands had "knocked off" for dinner, and were standing about the forecastle, when Ben came forward and told his story.

I could see plainly that it made a great excitement, and that unless I explained the matter to them the feeling would be turned against me.

"Oh yes!" said the crew,

"the captain has let you off because you are a gentleman's son, and have got friends, and

his sentence to be hung.

Relieved as I was to see the Pilgrim well off (and I felt

like one who had just sprung from an iron trap which was closing upon him), I had yet

a feeling of regret at taking the last look at the old craft in

which I had spent a year, and

the first year, of my sailor's life—which had been my first

home in the new world into

which I had entered—and with

which I had associated so many

things—my first leaving home,

my first crossing the equator,

Cape Horn, Juan Fernandez,

death at sea, and other things,

serious and common.

Yet, with all this, and the feeling

I had for my old shipmates,

we were generally beaten out, and glad to have a full night's rest, a wash and shift of clothes, and a quiet Sunday.

During all this time we lived upon almost nothing but fresh beef: fried beefsteaks three times a day—morning, noon, and night.

At morning and night we had a quart of tea to each man; and an allowance of about a pound of hard bread a day; but our chief article of food was the beef.

bring me home in the ship, and moreover, that he had told me that I was to go in the ship.

To have this told him, and to be opposed in such a manner, was more than my lord paramount had been used to.

He turned fiercely upon me, and tried to look me down and face me out of my statement; but finding that that wouldn't do, he changed his ground, and pointed to the shipping papers of the Pilgrim from which my name had

been gathered from the notes I found in his bedroom that he meant to visit the gunsite with explosives, and—

GOOD WORK, JANE!—SO THAT'S WHY HE DRUGGED YOU, EH?—WELL, YOU'VE WARNED US JUST IN TIME!—WE'LL SOON HAVE THE FELLOW—HE CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE AS EASILY AS HE GOT IN!

PLEASE, MA'M, BERT'S LORRY HAS JUST LEFT—WITH A R.A.F. PADRE!—BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW HIM!—OH DEAR! I WISH I COULD FOLLOW THEM—I KNOW BERT'S IN DANGER!

QUIZ for Today

1. A quey is a landing-stage, pig-tail, young cow, column of people, solution to a puzzle?

2. There is only one error in this sentence: what is it? Quacksalver are dangerous.

3. How many petals has a wild rose?

4. Who was Asoka?

5. What colour is cerulean?

6. How many towns in England can you think of beginning with Y?

Answers to Quiz in No. 428

1. Moorish fiddle.

2. A counterfeit Irish half-penny.

3. Iodine.

4. Colombo.

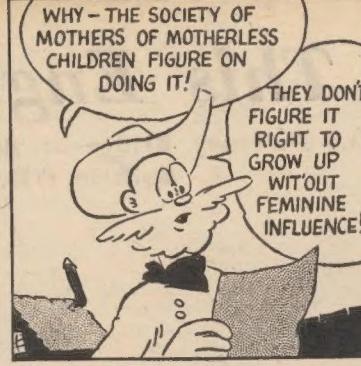
5. Crimson.

6. Margaret, Euphemia, Dorothy, Sophonisba.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



C.197.

RUGGLES



C.197.

GARTH



C.197.



C.197.



Sky Gardens

By JOHN FLEETWOOD

FIVE million British gardens are now growing fresh foods, as well as nearly 2,000,000 allotments, more than twice as many as before the war.

Lineside food plots on one railway alone stretch, in all, over 200 miles.

Achievements of "Forces farmers" are a revelation and a lesson. Most aerodromes are almost self-sustaining in vegetable production, many having their own ploughs and implements.

One Lincolnshire airfield cultivates 37 acres; another front-line fighter station, beginning with one acre, last year raised over 160 tons of vegetables. A.A. Command has its own gun-site gardeners who keep battery cook-houses constantly supplied.

In London alone, nearly half the Army's cultivated land is on A.A. sites.

Submariners, too, have their gardens. Plots on a certain submarine base last year reared 3,000 cauliflowers, 3,000 cabbages, tomatoes, eggs, rabbits, and 70 pigs.

Some craft take livestock aboard. There is at least one surface vessel with a miniature farmyard on board—ducks, geese, chickens, pigs and rabbits. "While other ships were having cold spam for Christmas," tells a member of the crew, "we were eating fresh roast pork, goose and duck."

Fostering a keen interest in food production are some 500 Young Farmers' Clubs; they have a membership of over 20,000. The youngest club is in the heart of London, and its farm is in the grounds of the Zoo.

War has shown what tiny backyards can do, and derelict sites. There are hundreds of highly productive little plots on the roofs of air-raid shelters, and many on public buildings—on the roof of the Air Ministry, for instance; on the London Transport building 110 feet above the street; and scores of others.

But not all "sky gardens" are war products. Far above New York's busy Fifth Avenue are the most unusual gardens in the world—"hanging gardens" four times larger than those famous ones of ancient Babylon, and they're on roofs up to 20 storeys high.

Out of sight from the streets, but visible to the hot and jaded city workers who go to feast on them, flowers in brilliant profusion transform acres of dismal flat roofs into an amazing world of living loveliness.

As well as flowers, there are smooth green lawns, and shady trees and shrubs from the gardens, mountains, and forests of numbers of different countries.

OF EVERY NATION.

They are the work of a Dutchman, A. M. Van den Hoek, and are called the Gardens of the Nations. He brought with him to these bare concrete housetops rare plants and trees from all over the world—2,000 varieties of Alpine plants, blue lilies from the Nile, Holland's best in vari-coloured tulips, strange blooms from China, tufted pines from Scotland, Chile's odd but stately monkey-puzzle trees.

At one end of the roof of the R.C.A. Building, which boasts the largest of these skyscraper gardens, is the American Garden, where a sunny stream ripples beneath silver birches, dwarf blue spruces and Carolina hemlock.

Among the rocks hang or stand in gay abundance bittersweet, primroses, myrtle, magnolia and stately arbutus. The sunny South is well captured in the Garden of Spain with its cobblestone courtyard and Moorish loggia, encircled and twined with sweet-scented orange and lemon and oleander.

There are the formal-type garden of France, an Italian Garden, an International Rock Garden, and most of the things you would look for in a typical Old English Garden.

Hoek has, of course, excelled himself in his reproduction of a garden from his native Holland, with its sunken paved walks, bordered by formal flower beds.

They stand, these Gardens of the Nations, New York's particular pride, in 6,000,000 pounds of rich, composted soil. Every pound had to be hoisted over the sides of the giant structures or by elevators within the buildings. So did the 100,000 bricks and 500 tons of concrete and mortar which made the walls that give protection from the tempests that howl around these skyscrapers at unexpected times.

Alex Cracks

Two much-respected and eminent men of letters were trying to discover who was the first "strip-teaser." One suggested Lady Godiva, but the other corrected him by mentioning Moses in the bulrushes.

Here is a case of real naval foresight. A young Lieutenant, just due for leave, wrote to his bank and said: "How much can I overdraw? I have not had a birthday party for a year."

A rustic Home Guard was posted as sentry on a rather lonely country road, with instructions to challenge "all and sundry" as they passed. A car approached, but would not stop on being challenged. The H.G. then fired, wounding the driver in the car; he fired a second time and hit the passenger in the shoulder.

On coming up to the car, which had then stopped, he shouted out: "Good thing you stopped, 'cos next time I wouldn't have fired in the air."

Good Morning

"I've no ration card,
but I'd love a bone."



This England

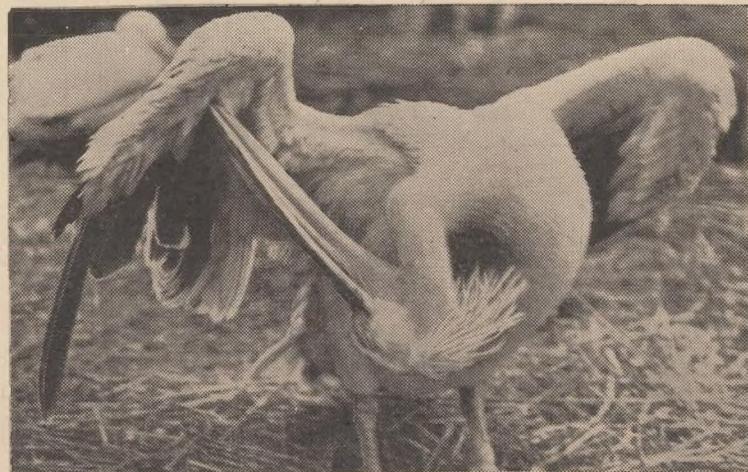
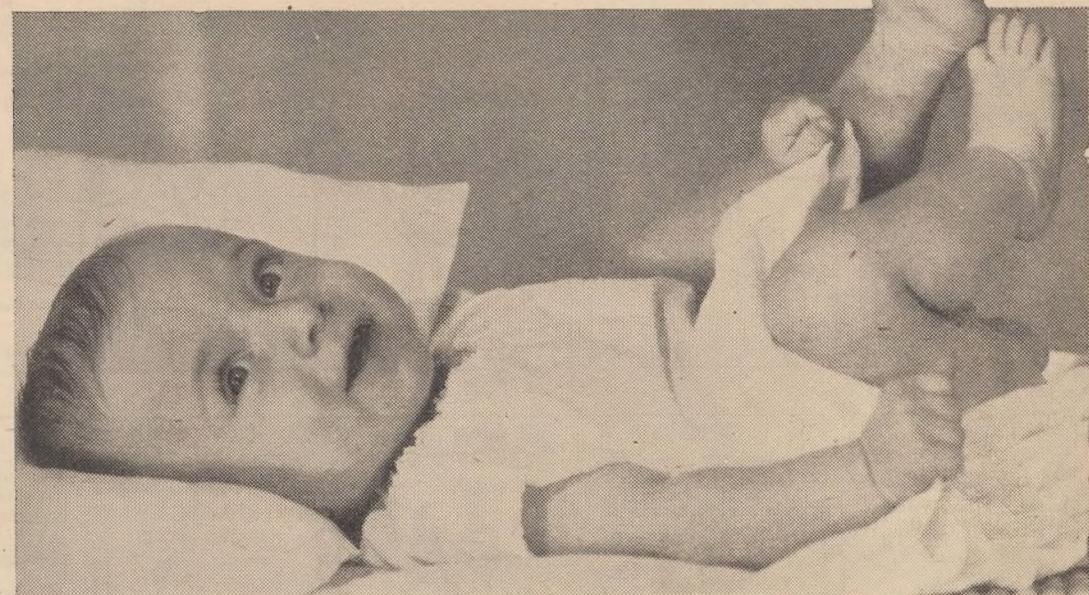
The Pulteney Bridge at Bath, Somerset.
Built in 1770.



★
Charming Olivia de
Havilland. The type
one simply couldn't
have cold feet with.

★

"Though I cannot walk yet, I simply love
kicking my legs."



The Pelican who seems to be having a spot
of wing trouble.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hell, is he tied
in knots?"

